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out a moment's hesitation, the impulsive Russian crushed the precious weeds between his brawny hands and then threw them overboard, exclaiming: "I will *not* smoke!"

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AN important auction sale of "old masters" owned by the Duke of Dural, uncle of the King of Spain, is announced to take place some time in the spring, under the auspices of the American Art Association. The Duke himself has come to attend the matter. In an interview with a reporter of *The Commercial Advertiser*, after declaring the collection, consisting of about one hundred and fifty pictures, to be second only to the Royal Gallery at Madrid, he said:

"Nearly all of these paintings have been in the castle of my ancestors in Madrid for many generations. The finest painting in the collection is 'The Virgin with the Child,' by Murillo. It is one of the finest specimens of Murillo's work. Then there is a portrait of the Count of Olivarez, a minister of Philip IV., painted by Velasquez. Rembrandt is represented by a portrait painted by himself. Of Ribera there is a painting of 'Christ Carrying His Cross to Golgotha.' Snyder is represented by a hunting scene. There is also a Van Eyck."

The collection, valued by the Duke at a million dollars, includes "an album containing two thousand sketches in crayon, pencil, and pen and ink, all the works of renowned artists." There are also pictures by modern Spanish painters. When asked by the reporter why he wanted to sell his collection, "the Duke replied, with a shrug of his shoulders: 'Because I have so many I do not know what to do with them.'" A curious reason, truly. One wonders why he did not offer them in Europe, which is a far better market for fine examples of the "old masters" than this country. The Duke's pictures are not yet on view; so one cannot judge of their merits. But even if they are all they are claimed to be, I do not hesitate to say that an *unreserved* auction of such a quantity at one time would surely result in disaster. Where is the money to come from? There is not a million dollars in this country, nor a quarter of that sum, for investment in "old masters."

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It is pleasant to note that all obstacles have been removed to the holding of the proposed Costume Ball at the Academy of Design, for the benefit of the Water-Color Society and the Society of Decorative Art, and the affair will take place on February 5th. The original idea of a "Venetian Fête," with costumes restricted to no later period than the sixteenth century, has undergone a sensible modification. "Costume prior to the nineteenth century" is insisted on only. MONTEZUMA.

#### BOSTON ART NOTES.

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH'S memoirs contain a good many Christmas bonbons for Bostonians—who gave the Glasgow scholar the only really "good time" he had in the United States—and none is more toothsome than that passage wherein he says, "You cannot imagine how fine a place this [Boston] is—a mixture of Edinburgh and Paris; the houses quite as fine as some of the finest in Paris; the intellectual atmosphere is charming, thoughtful, brilliant, reverent." And this was written as long ago as 1874, before the Back Bay was half filled up with the present miles of fine mansions of stone and brick, and before anything at all of the Back Bay Improvement, designed and executed by Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, had materialized. This great work of art, Mr. Olmsted modestly protests, should never be referred to as a "park," because it is primarily intended only to enclose a stream that, being the receptacle of the watershed of a large number of great mills in the suburbs, cannot be obliterated. But it is a charming park all the same, with magnificent arched bridges, park drives and bridle-paths, walks, terraces, and "the scenery of a winding, brackish stream"—the level shallows left a salt-marsh, the banks thickly set with bushes, and the roads lined with turf and rows of Lombardy poplars. Although Mr. Olmsted has given it for its official designation the name of the "Back Bay Fens," to emphasize his determination that it shall not be considered a park, it is really very Parisian in effect. It lies just at the present western edge of the Back Bay district, but it is now evident to everybody, as it has been to land speculators for years past, that it is about at the centre of the future Boston, just as Central Park has proved to be the centre of New York City. A superb double-road boulevard with a bridle-path in the middle is, in fact, already completed to perfection and in use three miles

beyond it. This runs in a nearly straight line, between the beautiful hills of Brookline to the great Chestnut Mill reservoir, which is itself another park, and the gilded dome of the State House being visible its entire length, the oneness of the whole with the city is continually impressed upon the spectator. Here is a magnificent field for the architecture and builders of the future, and the new Boston, if it be carried out in anything like the proportion and taste of the Back Bay, will truly be a splendid metropolis.

But there is a fly in our architectural ointment—the defacement of the brick façades of some of the finest great buildings in the city by a white deposit which seems to ooze out through the clay—not to spread from the mortar—and give the house fronts the appearance of being streaked with whitewash. There are many theories, some attributing this efflorescence to the climate, and others to the quality of the brick used. But it occurs in all climates, we are told, and is confined to no particular make of brick. The older buildings in this city never present this appearance. Did they have it when they were new, and has it worn off with age? It is recalled that houses in old Pemberton Square, once the fashionable quarter of Boston, bloomed forth in this hoar frost some twenty years after they were erected, and that it was washed off with linseed oil. One builder testifies that the brick steeple which he built was washed down with oil as fast as laid, and that that part of the structure has remained free from the efflorescence, while it has come out in spots on the main body of the church which was not so treated. But this steeple is not old enough to permit any conclusion to be drawn as to the permanency of the preventive. Another builder declares that it is good for \$100,000 to any man to furnish the remedy for the efflorescence of brick walls. It appears that building associations in Chicago and elsewhere have offered premiums for the discovery of effective measures against the discoloration of brick, other than greasing or painting. The trouble first appeared here in serious extent in 1870, and the architects then set about finding a remedy. The distinguished Harvard professor of chemistry, Cook, has been working upon the problem for years, but has found no solution for it. The only thing certain as yet is that it is in the clay, and that New England, New York, and Philadelphia brick are all alike subject to the disease. Ordinary washing with alkalies has no permanent effect, and General Q. A. Gillmore, in his report to the Centennial Commission, recommended enamelling house fronts, to repel moisture, with a solution of feldspar, flint, oxide of zinc, porcelain clay, and Paris white, fluxed with boracic acid, thus virtually providing a quickly hardening glaze not harmed even by hammering with a sharp instrument.

The St. Botolph Club opening exhibition for the season has been rather a scratch affair. Not all the artists of the club or of the city were represented, and those who were there were not at their best. One of Vinton's powerfully literal portraits of a very prosaic subject occupied the place of honor, and there was also a literal and large full-length portrait of a young lady in white, with a golden background, by Mr. Small, just back from Paris. The cleverest portraits were by Miss Cole, the precocious daughter of our best landscapist, J. Foxcroft Cole. But these, again, were too sketchy to rank as first-class work. It is one thing to hit off character wittily and vividly in rough, unfinished masses, and another to complete textures and surface to an agreeable resemblance to nature. But that a girl still in her teens can throw off portraits at such a rate, in any medium or manner whatever, so full of vivacity and keen observation, is something remarkable. The picture that caused the most comment in the collection was a little pastel by William Chase, a nude, superb in drawing and color.

Jacob Wagner has been giving fresh proofs of his progress and his versatility in an exhibition of nine portraits. These are, without doubt, the best work he has ever exhibited. The most ambitious canvas is a composition portraying the artist's wife and son, excellent both as portraiture and as painting. Another fine thing is the portrait of the landscapist C. E. L. Green, posed and painted with a free grace and evident enjoyment. A portrait of a young girl in white, holding some flowers, has also a nice touch of poesy, but held well in reserve, as is becoming in portraiture. In general, purity and freshness of color and luminous quality characterize this latest work of Wagner.

Young Mr. Julius Rolshoven, who married one of the Chickering's of Boston, and has therefore been in a way adopted in Boston, although he is a native of Detroit

and received his first training in Munich, has arrived from Paris with a large Salon composition and a number of other canvases. The large picture represents Hamlet bidding his Queen mother to "look on this picture." It is academic in painstaking expansiveness and creditable in all matters of technique, which is thoroughly able. But it lacks sweetness, and is totally devoid of tone and atmosphere, and is, moreover, tiresome in its wonderful finish of stuffs and textures. Much more to the taste here are the lesser works, which show much versatility and some genial insight and sympathy, especially a lady's pastel portrait and a head. But there is evident, throughout the collection, a high, artistic purpose and refined, earnest nature, which, grounded as they are in fine, technical accomplishment, certainly promise fine things for the future.

The Boston Architectural Club have just held a loan exhibition of pen-and-ink drawings, mostly of fine work in progress or in contemplation in this neighborhood, with some drawings of foreign subjects.

A public explanation has been necessary—curious, in view of Boston's traditional culture—concerning the assistance Miss Mary Anderson is said to have derived from Alma-Tadema and other London artists in the production of "A Winter's Tale." Somebody wrote to the newspapers asking why Miss Anderson did not specify on the bill of the play the respective pieces of scenery painted by Alma-Tadema and his fellow English artists whom Miss Mary consulted. Is it any wonder that she sighs for that "atmosphere" of art in Europe which has had such a refining and elevating effect upon her art, and which we are not even conscious of lacking in this country?

GRETA.

## The Cabinet.

### TALKS WITH EXPERTS.

#### VII.—MR. GEORGE F. KUNZ ON ART WORKS IN JADE AND OTHER HARD STONES (CONCLUDED.)

RESUMING his talk on American collections of jade Mr. Kunz naturally mentioned first Mr. Heber R. Bishop, as having the finest and largest.

"Mr. Bishop," he said, "has carefully classified his cabinet under three heads: (1) archæological, comprising about a hundred specimens; (2) Chinese artistic jade and jadeite, over two hundred examples, many of them unique; and (3) jewelled jades of India—about a dozen pieces. He was the first of our collectors to make a thorough study of the subject, and, with his knowledge, he was able to take advantage of the situation in Europe at the time and get some of the finest pieces which found their way to England and France after the sacking of the Emperor's Summer Palace at Peking. Some of these pieces are exquisitely carved; some, too, are pieces of unusual size and of the purest quality. It is a marvellous collection!"

"Can you describe some of the especially fine pieces?"

"Two of the most remarkable come from the Summer Palace looting. They were taken by Count Kleigkowska, then interpreter for General Palikao. He gave them to his wife, who had them mounted in Paris, where they have been well known as 'Countess Kleigkowska's emerald jade jewels.' The pendant consists of a double Buddha's hand (or citron-fruit) about two inches by two. The piece in the bracelet is about three and a half inches long by one inch wide; it is of the most beautiful cutting and polish. These are of such beauty and size that they are almost as valuable as emeralds.

"Other remarkable pieces in the collection are the Hurd vase, a cylinder about nine by nine inches; the late Russian ambassador's incense-burner, in the shape of a tower eighteen inches high; several noble white vases, from twelve to seventeen inches high, and a moss green basin over twenty-seven inches long, over sixteen inches wide, and over ten inches high (its capacity being eighteen quarts of water) with a carving of a dragon and waves that are over one inch deep. All these are of such beauty, and show such skill in their decoration that their owner, with pardonable pride, asks who can produce their equal in this country or in Europe. Again, he has some superb pieces decorated with carving as delicate as lace work, and a pair of bowls fluted inside and out which seem to be as thin as tissue paper, a wonderful example of such treatment; these are, perhaps, the thinnest jade bowls to be found in this country.